THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 13, 1809.

On SENSIBILITY.

THERE is no word so ill understood, and so often perverted, as sensibility. The fretful, the violent, nay, even the revengeful, will tell you, that their impatience, anger, or resentment, are merely owing to finer feelings than others possess; and they will brand the silent sufferer with the reproach of obduracy, because the fear of giving pain to his neighbours prevents the utterance of grief, and the complaint of injury.

If, on such occasions, a faithful friend should venture to remonstrate, and, having conquered these evil passions in himself, contend that they are conquerable, the clamour against him is universal. He is pronounced to be not only obtuse, but cruel, incapable of sympathising, because disdaining to flatter, and adding to distress, because he points out error; so far from estimating the character which prefers the welfare to the favour of a fellow-creature, these people of sensibility discard him from their society with calumny, reproach, and scorn.

But what is sensibility? Is it merely a perception of evil? a quick resentment of offences, of injuries imagined by self-love? Are not the kind affections, love, joy, pity, as properly feelings of the mind, as pride, envy, and hatred? and which best deserve the name of fine feelings?

Never was a mind possessed of them, that thus boasted of the possession. No; they are evinced in words and actions of benevolence, not in empty declamation, and self-applauding vanity.

Fiends may as justly arrogate to themselves the praises of sensibility, as these tormenters of mankind, who being always discontented and unhappy, sagaciously discover the fault to be in their neighbours; and having quarrelled with the arrangement of things in this world, modestly arraign the wisdom of another—but it is owing to their sensibilities!

It may be remarked, that people of this description do not feel indignation at the vices of the community as connected with the public good; but at the affronts supposed to be offered to themselves; and provided their own interest is out of the question, and their will undisputed, they are as unmoved at the injuries committed against another, as the stoic whom they condemn.

Antonio is of this class; not only in this respect, but in every other, he is totally devoid of self-knowledge; he mistakes his fastidiousness of humour for delicacy of taste, his extreme positiveness for steady principle, and his irritable temper for exquisite sensibility.

And what is it he feels? Not the worth of the deserving, not the talents of the uncelebrated, not the sorrows of the wretched—but his own importance. He will tell you, indeed, there is no one who regards his friends more sincerely. Why? Not for any merits they possess, but because he thinks them sensible of his; because they applaud his penetration, and fly at his command, qualify his vanity, and contribute to his ease.

Talk not of sensibility distinct from virtue, reason, and benevolence; it is the selfishness of a feeble mind; it is the tenderness of an unsound heart.

Description of Sydney Town, the Capital of the English Colonies, in New South Wales.

(Concluded from Page 890.)

THE principal object of our stay at Port Jackson was, that we might devote proper attention to every part of the surrounding country. While our crews were repairing the damages the ships had sustained, and getting in fresh supplies of provisions, the naturalists extended their researches to every branch of the physical history of this interesting country. The scurvy, which had affected all my joints with swellings and stiffness, had already begun to yield to the influence of diet and the climate; and as soon as I was able, I went down to the coast of Botany Bay, the harbour of which is situated some leagues to the south of Port Jackson. A large and commodious road leads from Sydney Town, to this great bay; all the intermediate

intermediate country is sandy and barren, and appears unfit for any kind of cultivation; consequently one does not meet with any European habitations. After passing the high hill, at the foot of which is the establishment of Mr. Palmer, the country opens upon a sandy plain, which extends as far as the swampy banks of Cook's river. Various species of hakea, styphelia, eucalyptus, banksia, embothryum, and casuarina, grow amidst these sands, and large spaces are occupied entirely with the xanthorea, the gigantic stalks of which grow to the height of from eighteen to twenty feet. In the distance may be perceived the smoke of a few huts, belonging to those unfortunate hordes of natives, who exist on these desolate shores.

As you approach towards Botany Bay the land gradually sinks, 'till you reach the dangerous swamps formed by the brackish waters of Cook's river towards the north, and of George river to the south. These marshes are so extensive, and often so deep, that it is impossible in many parts to pass them, if you want to reach the sea. On their banks, and all along the two rivers just mentioned, vegetation is very active; a thousand species of trees and shrubs, which cover the surface of the soil, afforded to that part of the country which we occupied a delightful appearance; it was this circumstance which deceived Captain Cook, and his brave companions, for they supposed the land to be unparalleled in point of fertility. It would have been well, however, if this bay, so celebrated by those navigators, had justified the great ideas which they formed of it. Obstructed by large banks of mud, and open at the south to the easterly winds, it does not afford to vessels that security, which they are often in need of; while the marshy nature of the soil in its environs, renders it at once unhealthy, and scarcely fit for ordinary cultivation. Hence Commodore Philip, after reconnoitring Port Jackson, was induced to abandon Botany Bay; and since that period, there has been no other establishment at it, except a kiln for the preparation of lime, which is made from the shells that abound on this part of the coast. Botany Bay, and its environs, are called by the natives, Gwea, and to this country belong the tribe of savages, called Gwea Gal, who acknowledge Bennil-long for their chief.

Twenty-five miles, or thereabouts, to the west of Sydney Town, is the town of Rose Hill, or Parramatta; which I took the earliest opportunity of visiting. The principal physician of Le Naturaliste, M. Bellefin accompanied me; a serjeant of the New South Wales regiment, acted as our guide, and was ordered, by Colonel Paterson, to obtain for us such facilities as we might require, to pursue our researches. A large road leads from Sydney Town to Parramatta; it is not paved, but is well made, and kept in good condition. It is almost every where

wide enough for three carriages to pass abreast, and bridges have been thrown over such parts of it as are interrupted by the waters; so that the traveller meets with no obstacle on his journey. Having been opened through vast forests, that were never before assailed by the axe, this grand road appears at a distance, like an immense avenue of foliage and verdure. A charming freshness, and an agreeable shade, always prevail in this continuous bower, the silence of which is interrupted only by the singing and chirping of the richly-plumed paroquets, and other birds which inhabit it.

The whole ground, over which you proceed to Rose Hill is flat, with the exception of a few insignificant hillocks. In proportion, as you recede from the sea-shore, the soil becomes less barren, and affords great varieties of vegetation. In some parts there are large spaces between the trees, which is covered by a very fine and sweet-scented grass, that forms a beautiful verdant carpet, and affords pasturage to numerous flocks of excellent sheep. The mild temperature of the climate, the absence of all kinds of ferocious beasts, together with the particular species, and agreeable odour of most of the vegetables, have been so favourable to these useful animals, that the finest kinds of Spain and England thrive as well here as on their native soil. Already the wool of these antarctic animals is found to be superior to the rich fleeces of Asturias; and the English manufacturers pay dearer for it, because they are convinced of its superiority. This discovery will probably soon open to Great Britain a branch of commerce as easy as it is lucrative.

Woods here and there open to the view, and the traveller perceives amidst them, spots which have been cleared by the settlers, and some of which are extensive; he discovers on them many pretty habitations, shaded by beautiful trees; and contemplates, with pleasing emotion, these new fields, where the feeble grass of the north rises from the decay of the powerful eucalyptus; he discovers with delight on these distant grounds, the most useful animals of his own country; the bulls frisk about with a vigour equal, or even superior, to that of the cold meadows of Ireland; while the cow more fecund, gives a greater quantity of milk in these mild climates, than in our's. The English horse also appears with the same strength and spirit that he exhibits on the banks of the Thames; while the European hog is improved, by numerous crosses, with those of the South-Sea islands, which are superior in size, as well as quality of fat and lean. All kinds of poultry have succeeded as well as the larger animals, and the farm-yards are stocked with different varieties of geese, ducks, turkies, pheasants, &c. several of which are preferable to the finest of the European species.

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The traveller receives additional pleasure on visiting the interior of the habitations. Beneath their agreeable roofs, in the midst of vast forests, live in perfect tranquillity, those banditti, who but a short time before were the terror of Europe, and who, familiarized with guilt, were in constant expectation of the punishment of death; here now live those numerous robbers, rogues, and pick-pockets, those criminals of every kind, who in the mother-country appeared to increase in proportion to the progress of civilization. All these unfortunate wretches, who were the disgrace and odium of their country, have become, by the most inconceivable metamorphosis, laborious cultivators, and happy and peaceable members of their community. Indeed, murders or robberies are scarcely ever heard of amongst them; so that in this respect the most perfect security prevails throughout the colony; a happy consequence of laws as severe as they are beneficent.

In order to enjoy at our ease these striking scenes, M. Bellefin and I often entered the rural habitations. We were every where received in the most obliging manner; and when we observed the tender cares of the mothers towards their children, and reflected that only a few years before these very women, destitute of every tender affection and delicate sentiment, were disgusting prostitutes, the sudden revolution in their moral conduct gave rise to reflections of the most gentle and philanthropic nature.

At length we arrived in sight of Parramatta; it is seated in the middle of a fine plain, on the banks of a river of the same name, which can be ascended by small vessels, as high as the town itself. It is not so large as Sydney Town, but contains about a hundred and eighty houses, which form a grand street, parallel with the river, and intersected at right angles by another smaller street, which, at one end, terminates with a stone bridge, and has at the other the church; the latter edifice, which is built in a rude and heavy style, was not quite finished at the time of our visit; indeed, the building is conducted with less rapidity than it might be, because the governors of the colony attach, with reason, more importance to the other branches of their administration; such as the hospitals, prisons, public manufactories, the clearing of land, the fisheries, navigation, &c. for which they reserve proper funds and disposable hands.

At one of the extremities of the great street of Parramatta are barracks, capable of accommodating from two hundred and fifty to three hundred infantry. They are built of brick, in the form of a horse-shoe, and have in front a well-gravelled parade, where the troops of the garrison go through their ordinary exercises; these troops consisted, at the time of our visit, of a company of an hundred and twenty men, belonging

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to the New South Wales regiment, under the command of Captain Piper.

The whole population of Paramatta, including the garrison, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring farms, is estimated at from fourteen to fifteen hundred souls, nearly all of whom are employed in the cultivation of land, the rearing of cattle, and the exercise of a few of the mechanical arts. The town contains an hospital, which is well regulated, and of which the principal physician is Mr. D'Arcy Wentworth; a strong prison, a house of industry for female convicts, a public school for the young girls of the colony, &c. This town is also the chief residence of the justice of the peace for the county of Cumberland, and will become in time the seat of the whole civil administration of the colony; those branches which relate to navigation, commerce, and war, being already established at Sydney.

Towards the western extremity of the grand street of Parramatta, you discover the elevation called Rose Hill, from which the town first received its name; but it was afterwards called Parramatta, that being the appellation which the natives give to this part of the country, and which has generally prevailed amongst the English themselves. The whole eastern front of Rose Hill, which is towards the town, is a very gentle declivity, on which appears the fine garden belonging to the government, in which many interesting experiments are made, with a view to naturalize foreign vegetables; here also are collected the most remarkable of the indigenous plants, intended to enrich the famous royal gardens of Kew. It is from this spot that England has, at various times, acquired most of her treasures in the vegetable kingdom, and which have enabled the English botanists to publish many important volumes. An enlightened botanical professor, who combines modesty with indefatigable exertion, had just arrived from Europe at the time of our visit, to superintend the garden of Parramatta; and the learned Colonel Paterson, to whom New South Wales is indebted for this establishment has never ceased to take a lively interest in its success.

The part of Rose Hill, that is opposite to Paramatta, presents an abrupt section, and forms a grand crescent, which one might, at first view, suppose to be the work of man. At the base of this singular hill runs a rivulet, which, in common weather, is not remarkable; but when the inundations occur, which are so frequent and terrible in these regions, it becomes a source of disasters to the neighbouring plantations.

At the summit of Rose Hill is the government-house of Parramatta, which is called the Crescent; it is simple, elegant, and well laid out, though it derives its principal importance from its situation, which overlooks the town, as well as from its meadows,

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its forest, and river. This mansion is generally uninhabited, though its capacity and internal regulations are such, that whenever the governor-general and lieutenant-governor come to it for a few days, they can have every accommodation for themselves and their whole suite.

THE LONG PACK.

A TALE.

(Continued from Page 884.)

DURING the conversation, given in the last Entertainer, in comes Edward. He was a lad about 16 years of age, son to a coal-driver on the border; was possessed of a good deal of humour and ingenuity, but somewhat roguish, forward, and commonly very ragged in his apparel. He was about this time wholly intent on shooting the crows and birds, of various kinds, that alighted in whole flocks where he foddered the cattle. He had bought a huge old military gun, which he denominated Copenhagen, and was continually thundering away at them. He seldom killed any, if ever, but he once or twice knocked off a few feathers, and, after much narrow inspection, discovered some drops of blood on the snow. He was at this very moment come in a great haste for Copenhagen, having seen a glorious chance of sparrows, and a Robin red-breast among them, feeding on the site of a corn rick, but hearing them talk of something mysterious, and a living pack, he became all attention. "Faith, Alice," said he, "if you will let me I'll shoot it." "Hold your peace, fool," said Richard. Edward took the candle from Richard, who still held it in his hand, and gliding down the passage, edged up the parlour door, and watched the pack attentively for about two minutes. He then came back with a spring, and looks very different from those which regulated his features as he went down. As sure as he had death to meet with he saw it stirring. "Hold your peace you fool," said Richard. Edward swore again that he saw it stirring; but whether he really thought so, or only said so, is hard to determine. "Faith, Alice," said he again, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "I tell you to hold your peace you fool," said Richard. "No," said Edward, "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety: and I will maintain this to be our safest plan. Our master's house is confided to our care, and the wealth that it contains may tempt some people to use stratagems. Now, if we open up this man's pack, he may pursue us for damages to any amount, but if I shoot at it, what amends can he get of me? If there is any thing that should

not be there, Lord how I will pepper it, and if it is lawful goods, he can only make me pay for the few that are damaged, which I will get at valuation; so, if none of you will acquiesce, I will take all the blame myself, and ware a shot on it."

Richard said, whatever was the consequence he would be blameless. A half delirious smile rather distorted than beautified Alice's pretty face; but Edward took it for an assent to what he had been advancing, so snatching up Copenhagen in one hand, and the candle in the other, he hasted down the passage, and without hesitating a moment, fired at the pack. Gracious God! the blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by the groans of death, issued from the pack. Edward dropped Copenhagen upon the ground, and ran into the kitchen like one distracted. The kitchen was darkish, for he had left the candle in the parlour; so taking to the door without being able to utter a word, he ran to the hills like a wild roe, looking over each shoulder as fast as he could turn his head from the one to the other. Alice followed as fast as she could, but lost half the way of Edward. She was all the way sighing and crying most pitifully. Old Richard stood for a short space rather in a state of petrefaction, but at length, after some hasty ejaculations, he went into the parlour. The whole floor flowed with blood. The pack had thrown itself on the ground; but the groans and cries were ceased, and only a kind of guttural noise was heard from it. Knowing that then something must be done, he ran after his companions, and called on them to come back. Though Edward had escaped a good way, and was still persevering on, yet, as he never took long time to consider of the utility of any thing, but acted from immediate impulse, he turned and came as fast back as he had gone away. Alice also came homeward, but more slowly, and crying even more bitterly than before. Edward overtook her, and was holding on his course; but, as he passed, she turned away her face, and called him a murderer. At the sound of this epithet, Edward made a dead pause, and looked at Alice with a face much longer than it used to be. He drew in his breath twice, as if going to speak; but he only swallowed his spittle, and held his peace.

They were soon all three in the parlour, and, in no little terror and agitation of mind, loosed the pack, the principal commodity of which was a stout young man, whom Edward had shot through the heart, and thus bereaved of existence in a few minutes. To paint the feelings, or even the appearance of young Edward, during this scene, is impossible; he acted little, spoke less, and appeared in a hopeless stupor; the most of his employment consisted in swallowing his spittle, and staring at his two companions.

It is most generally believed, that when Edward fired at the pack, he had not the most distant idea of shooting a man; but seeing Alice so jealous of it, he thought the colonel would approve of his intrepidity, and protect him from being wronged by the pedlar; and, besides, he had never got a chance of a shot at such a large thing in his life, and was curious to see how many folds of the pedlar's fine haberdashery ware Copenhagen would drive the drops through, so that when the stream of blood burst from the pack, accompanied with the dying groans of a human being, Edward was certainly taken by surprise, and quite confounded; he indeed asserted, as long as he lived, that he saw something stirring in the pack, but his eagerness to shoot, and his terror on seeing what he had done, which was no more than what he might have expected, had he been certain he saw the pack moving, makes this asseveration rather doubtful. They made all possible expedition in extricating him, intending to call medical assistance, but it was too late, the vital spark was gone for ever. "Alas," said old Richard, heaving a deep sigh, "poor man, 'tis all over with him! I wish he had lived a little longer to have repented of this, for he has surely died in a bad cause. Poor man! he was somebody's son, and, no doubt, dear to them, and nobody can tell how small a crime this hath, by a regular gradation, become the fruits of." Richard came twice across his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt, for he still wanted the coat; a thought of a tender nature shot through his heart. "Alas," said he, "if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor things!" said Richard, weeping outright. "Poor things! God pity them."

The way that he was packed up was artful and curious. His knees were brought up parallel to his navel, and his feet and legs stuffed in a hat-box; another hat-box, a size larger, and wanting the bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and knees, and there being only one fold of canvass around this, he breathed with the greatest freedom; but it had undoubtedly been the heaving of his breast which had caused the movement noticed by the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself from his confinement at once. There were also four loaded pistols secreted with him, and a silver wind-call. On coming to the pistols and cutlass, "Villain," said old Richard, "see what he has here. But I should not call him a villain," said he again, softening his tone, "for he is now gone to answer at that bar where no false witness, nor loquacious orator, can bias the justice of the sentence pronounced on him. He is now in the true world, and I am in the false one. We can judge only from appearances, but thanks to our

kind maker and preserver that he was discovered, else it is probable that none of us would have seen the light of a new day."

These moral reflections from the mouth of old Richard, by degrees raised the spirits of Edward; he was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himself up for lost; but he now began to discover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and, for the first time since he had fired the fatal shot, ventured to speak. "Faith, it was lucky that I shot,'" said Edward; but none of his companions answered either good or bad. Alice, though rather grown desperate, behaved and assisted better at this bloody affair than might have been expected. Edward surveyed the pistols all round, two of which were curious workmanship. "But what do you think he was going to do with all these?" said Edward. "I think you need not ask that," Richard answered. "Faith, it was a mercy that I shot, after all," said Edward, "for if we had loosed him out, we would have been all dead in a minute. I have given him a devil of a broadside, though. But look ye, Richard, providence has directed me to the right spot, for I might as readily have lodged the contents of Copenhagen in one of these empty boxes." "It has been a deep laid scheme," said Richard, "to murder us and rob our master's house; there must certainly be more concerned in it than these two."

(To be concluded in our next.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

THE jubilee pelisse and mantle, in garter blue velvet, or silk, edged all round with narrow gold-lace, or a variegated border, are likely to continue the prevailing habiliments for the season. We think mantles, from their various and becoming shapes, will gain the preference; though pelisses must be always considered elegant. Spencers appear quite excluded from the fashionable world. The jubilee hat, or bonnet, is made of the same material with the pelisse, of an entire new shape, embroidered in gold, and gold chain and tassels, ornamented either with a feather, or flower, to correspond. The Prussian cap, in silk or velvet, embroidered in gold, and a gold tassel, is also very elegant. The jubilee hat is made for full dress, of white satin and silver chambray intermixed, and a silver button and loop, with one or more white ostrich feathers. Turbans of white satin, or silver gauze, with the union wreath, of roses, thistles, shamrock, &c. &c. are thought extremely elegant, particularly at a time when every thing is worn in honour of the jubilee. Turbans, of every description, with gold or silver bands, and tiaras, are much the fashion. The Circassian

cap

cap is much admired for its simplicity and elegance. White satin dresses, made short, with a border of oak leaves round the bottom, are beautiful for dancing; the bosom and sleeves ornamented with silver. Imperial, Italian, and Iris nets, made with trains, and embroidered with borders to suit, are considered extremely elegant for half dress. There is very little change in the style of morning dresses; they are made chiefly of figured cambrics, with short trains, and sometimes a coloured border round the bottom—some have work or lace introduced in the bosom and sleeves, made to fit remarkably tight to the figure, with lace ruffs, or a collar of the same material as the dress. Coloured bombazeens are not unfashionable. The Circassian shoes, to match the dress, for morning, and white for evening. The prevailing colours are garter blue, scarlet and claret.

From La Belle Assemblee.

For the out-door costume, pelisses have taken place of every other species of covering; velvet is the favourite used in their construction. They are made, for the most part, in the wrap form, of a walking length, fitting with such minute exactness to the shape, as to require the hand of a very skilful dressmaker; with high plain collars, variously wrought in gold, silver, and coloured chenille, confined to the waist with a band of gymp net, and small square steel buckle. Gold and silver borderings ought only to be seen on those who have the convenience of a carriage; light edgings, in chenille, may be worn with propriety by such as more frequently indulge in the pleasure of walking; but the simple swansdown trimming, we are assured, will be of more elegant and lasting adoption. The swansdown tippet will also be considered by our fashionables as an almost indispensable appendage to the promenade dress. The Roman mantle, in orange, scarlet, or blue Georgian cloth, edged with a narrow gold tape, is a very graceful and convenient defence against the night air.

Morning and walking gowns are still made high in the neck, without collars, but with long sleeves, finished with a plain hem, and worn with large coral necklaces and bracelets. We have observed several in the corded cambric, in imitation of the corded sarsnet, confined in at the waist with a correspondent ribband. The straw striped muslin is likewise a favourite article in this style of dress. In the afternoon, or intermediate rank of dress, the bosoms of gowns are either cut low and square, in the Egyptian manner, or made high, after the costume of the Romans, with a plain falling collar of antique lace; the sleeves are worn long, and not transparent. Imperial and coloured bombazeens, with broad satin striped sarsnets, are well

adapted to this class of attire; with this dress is very appropriately worn the Roman mantle, or swansdown tippet.

In full, or evening dress, the bosoms of the gowns are made low and square, the backs high and wide, laced up behind, the sleeves moderately short and plain; if in sarsnet, they are much trimmed with swansdown; the newest and most becoming front has two stars of Gothic lace let in on the bosom; we have observed but few trains. The bottoms of the dresses are much ornamented by an embroidery in natural flowers, wrought with lambs' wool; the geranium pattern, and the holly berries, have a very pleasing effect.

The jubilee uniform is garter-blue net, worn over white satin, ornamented with gold. We must here remark, that this dress will be considered by no means elegant, after the joyous event it is meant to celebrate, and will be entirely laid aside by our fashionable fair. The embroidered cestus, and gymp net-band, with diamond buckles, are the most approved ornaments for the waist; the satin sash has tassels attached to the ends.

Within the last few days we have observed a few variegated straw hats, with long shaded ostrich feathers. The intermixture of satin and lace, in caps and hats, is now become too general to meet with fashionable approbation. The Spanish hat and Turkish cap have now a decided preference; they are mostly made in velvet, or rich eastern silk, worn upon the left side, ornamented with two or three small undressed ostrich feathers; if for the promenade, of the same colour as the hat. The Brunswick mob, and hive cap, with small bunches of geranium, or fancy flowers, are becoming head-dresses for the morning.

The fascinating simplicity in the mode of wearing the hair still prevails. In full dress, few curls are to be seen; it is combed lightly back in front, and closely twisted up behind, or banded round the head after the Grecian manner. The diamond bodkin is the newest and most esteemed ornament for the hair; it is a gold pin, with a head about an inch long, studded with diamonds or other jewels, and is much used for confining the lace veil and Turkish handkerchief to the head; small bunches of foil flowers, of the ruby or emerald colour, are just introduced, placed over the left side, and worn with a very pleasing effect.

No variety has taken place in the shoes since our last. The Grecian sandal is very generally worn by our elegantes; it is mostly embroidered in silver, coloured bugle, and foil; rosettes are often used to adorn the slipper.

Jewellery is far more worn than during the last month. Necklaces in ruby, emerald garnet, and coral, seem to have the preference. Pearls and diamonds are much intermixed.

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The prevailing colours are garter blue, amaranthus, amber, and geranium. The most fashionable mixtures, Spanish green, amaranthus, shot with white, red, and brown.

The Whip Club:—the dignified Assembly of British Noblemen!!

[Extracted from Nubilia in Search of a Husband.]

WHILE we were at Keswick my uncle happened to meet with an intimate London acquaintance, who had resorted thither for the fashionable purpose of seeing the lakes. His name was Wilson; a man of independent fortune, and eminent among the gay and the dissipated. His exterior was not unpleasing, nor were his manners without that superficial amenity which is caught by habitual intercourse with well-bred and refined persons. His discourse was voluble, and it reminded me of the distich of the poet:

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

If he were to be estimated by the facility which he talked upon every topic, he might be considered as a rival to the admirable Crichton: to him nothing was difficult. I was, at first, deceived by his fluency, into a belief of his vast acquirements; but, seizing a moment to examine the tenor of his discourse, I was soon convinced that

"Shallow streams run, dimpling, all the way."

In argument, he hoped to overcome every thing by a gracious smile, much gesticulation, and a constant application of "You may depend upon it—I assure you—its absolutely certain—its absurd to think otherwise, &c. &c. If all these failed, he laughed; and if laughing failed, he strove to shield himself behind a pompous silence, undisturbed but by aye or no, and which seemed to imply that his opponent was wholly unworthy of serious refutation. It was not indeed often that he was induced to enter upon intricate discussions; his conversation consisted of short flights and sudden irruptions; but when wine had dispossessed prudence of her post, it was then that he exhibited himself in all the impotence of mind. At such moments I rather pitied than despised him.

Mr. Wilson was a member of the associated coachmen. He was one of those degenerate beings who place their renown in the dexterous management of four in hand; who prefer turning a sharp corner to any rational act; and who glory in their exaltation to a dickie, as much as a wise man would, in his

his exaltation to wisdom or to virtue. I need not add that his language was too often the language of the stable, deprived indeed of its grosser qualities, but preserving all its spirit. His dress was so characteristic, so descriptive of the habits of the man, that when he first addressed my uncle, and I perceived them in friendly discourse together, a transient sense of humiliation and debasement crept across me, that a relative of mine should associate so familiarly with what I naturally judged him to be, a coachman. My embarrassment, indeed, was relieved by Sophia, and a mingled sentiment of contempt and indignation succeeded the feelings that were first excited.

It were vain to hope that admonition can reach those who have lost all self-respect. He who can descend to the acquirements of a coachman, will be content with a coachman's importance. He who has chosen the stable for his *palæstra*, can have no ambition beyond a groom. The man whose highest wishes centre in the accomplishments of a postillion, will look for his reward among those who can judge of his merits, and grooms, coachmen, and postillions will, therefore, be his *arbitri elegantiarum*. Could we but teach the world to see with our own eyes, what great personages we should all be; and could these degenerate beings but transform England into one vast stable, and its inhabitants into jockies, their renown would then be illustrious and permanent; for, in a nation of blind people, a one-eyed man would be king. This, however, cannot be.

Shew me then a human creature more despicable than the members of the whip club. I could almost exclaim, in the indignant language of Shakespeare—

> "Oh Heaven, that such companions thoud'st unfold,
> And put in every honest hand a whip
> To lash the rascals naked thro' the world,
> Even from the east to the west."

Will it be said that this is intemperate language? No, it cannot. Who are they that constitute this worthless club? The titled and the opulent. And what ought to be their influence and example in society? A corrupt and profligate nobility is a nation's scourge. Private vices respect only the individual; but public ones, (I mean those that are committed under the public eye) communicate infection; they sap the foundations of the commonweal, and lead, in their train, anarchy, rebellion, and bloodshed. Can it be expected that a people should feel reverence for gamblers, jockies, and cockers? And if that reverence, which rests upon opinion, be annihilated, what other basis will you find, to support the present distinctions of society? Man, simply considered, is co-ordinate with man, and,

in

in society, he is diversified only by wisdom, by virtue, by power, or by vice. To our superiors in wisdom and in virtue we instinctively submit; but our superiors in vice alone, we indignantly resist. Here then are the evils which are to be dreaded. The moral distinctions of society are shaking to their centre; they are crumbling into dust; and woe to the land that is purified by fire and blood. In such a crisis, the innocent may fall; the guilty must; on their devoted heads the first tide of vengeance will flow, and it will sweep them to destruction.

It is lamentable to behold such unawed depravity. Public opinion has lost its wholesome power over the corrupt, and nothing is thought vile enough to be done in secret. We are taught to consider (and we must consider) our nobility as the hereditary legislators of the country; and we look up to the opulent as our delegated ones. Where then is our safety, if the senate is exchanged for the stable? If the toils of state are bartered for the sordid honours of a jockey? While such events are taking place, what must be the silent progress of opinion?

I do not address myself to individuals. I should be indifferent to the circumstance of thirty or a hundred men, for whom their forefathers have acquired wealth and titles, ascending the coach-box. It may be their proper place; it certainly is their proper place, for they give proof of its propriety in their choice. I could behold them there, as I have beheld them, with pity and contempt, and I could easily persuade myself that they perform a public good by keeping away from the senate, and by abstaining from all connection with public transactions. I could cheerfully consign them to the ignoble post they had chosen, and thank Heaven that he had gifted so many of his creatures with so perfect a knowledge of themselves and their powers. I should account it a blessing that so much folly and so much meanness had selected so adequate a course. But I look farther. I look to the influence which these things have upon men's opinion. I look to the contagion of example. I look to what must be the condition of a nation when its rulers are sunk in the pursuit of sordid pleasures, and when they have destroyed, by their profligacy, the reverence, and with the reverence, the obedience of the people. History will teach us wisdom, here, by example; and if we untold its volumes we shall find that empires and states have fallen, and will fall, by the enervating influence of degeneracy, corruption, and luxury; and this degeneracy, this corruption, this luxury, have been generated, not among the people, emphatically so called, but among their rulers; it is there that they have taken root, budded and expanded, and from them they have silently and gradually descended, 'till the whole commonweal has become rotten. These are truths that cannot be refuted. Let me not, then, be accused of exaggerating dangers, or exciting needless

alarm. The evil may be distant, but have we not cause to tremble, if it be begun? If a man were told, and if he knew the prediction to be certain, that his house would one day fall upon him, and crush him, by the silent undermining of rats, would he not be vigilant to prevent a single rat from sheltering in its foundation?

Perhaps, what I have written may be stigmatized as the vehemence of folly. If it be folly, it is, at least, in a good cause. If I anticipate what can never happen; if I imagine corruption that does not exist; if I foresee consequences that cannot ensue—I shall rejoice in a conviction of my error, and thank him that produces it. But if these things are, and if the eternal course of events proclaims what must be the result of these things: I shall surely be pardoned, if, from an anxiety that is natural and honourable to me, I have enlarged the peril, or aggravated the causes. The precision of truth may, sometimes, be laid aside, when its existence is real. If we can alarm men from their vices by magnifying their danger, who shall condemn the process?

CAMELOT, *or* CAMLET.

THIS word is spelled camblet in the tariffs of the custom-house, and the correspondence of the East-India company. Brown of Norwich (and one may trust a Norwich man on the subject) tells us in his Vulgar Errors that *camlets* were originally so called, because they were supposed to be made of the hair of the *camel*. The first camlets were made of mohair, which is the hair of a goat, but which, as it comes from the Levant, might well pass for camel's hair. At the marriage of the rivers in the Fairy Queen, Spenser dresses the Medway in

> ——" A vesture of unknown geare
> And uncouth fashion, that her well became,
> That seem'd like silver sprinkled here and there,
> With glittering spangs, that did as stars appear.
> And wav'd upon like *water-camelot*.

Watered camlets are often called morcens, or *morains*. *Moraine* is the French name for that wool which the tanner, or currier, removes from a hide by the application of quick-lime. The coarse thick stuffs made of this refuse-wool were the original *morains*.

There is scarcely any thing which varies more than orthography. Many consider Dr. Johnson's authority respecting it as decisive, while others treat it with indifference, and some with contempt.

COURTSHIP LETTERS.

AN aged gentleman, in a party lately, was observed to pay particular attention to one of the young ladies, who, in the course of the evening, dropped her glove, which the gentleman picked up, and put into his pocket. The next day he sent the glove to the lady with the following lines:

If you from glove do take the letter G,
The glove is love, and that I send to thee.
JOHN PAGE.

The lady immediately returned for answer:—

If you from Page do take the letter P,
The page is age, and that won't do for me.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN the late Mr. Grignion, then only nineteen years of age, went to Paris with letters of recommendation to Dr. Atterbury (then in exile), his comprehensive mind and talents pleased the bishop so highly, that he always called him "son; and Grignion, proud of the compliment, always called him "father."

Mr. Grignion remained in Paris 'till the prelate died, and took his passage, from Dieppe, in Normandy, for England, in the vessel which had the body of the bishop on board, sent for interment in Westminster Abbey. The vessel was beating about in the Channel, by adverse winds and storms, for six or eight weeks, the sailors repeatedly attempting to heave the body of the bishop overboard, thinking it occasioned the storm, which the captain constantly checked. When the vessel arrived at Dover Pier, Mr. Grignion found a party of custom-house officers, who had been in waiting upwards of a month; and on the coffin being opened, between the wooden case and leaden one, was found contraband lace to a great amount, which they seized. The captain was no doubt in the secret, which made him prevent his men from throwing the corpse into the sea.

A QUESTION, *by B. Carvosso, of Cosawes, near Penryn.*

THERE is a measure, commonly used by farmers of the western part of Cornwall, which contains four gallons, ale measure, and its form a conic frustum, whose greater diameter is 10,6 inches, and depth or height 7 inches. I demand its lesser diameter.

Answer, by J. W. of Charmouth, to T. Pearce's Rebus, inserted September 18.

CAMELFORD plainly seems to be
The place of your nativity.

‡§‡ Similar answers have been received from J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; H. B. of Bridgewater; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; W. Kent, near Camelford; S. Tucker, of Bugford; and J. French, and J. Ball, at Evershot school.

Answer, by W. Kent, near Camelford, to J. M. Matthews's Rebus, inserted the 25th of September.

TARANTULA you did conceal,
Whose bite soft music's charms can heal.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. C jun. of Ottery; H. B. of Bridgewater; J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; J. M. L. of Liskeard; T. Pearse, of Chard; Sirron; T. Byrtt, of Shepton Mallett; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; J. Kerby, of Helston; J. Hurd, of Honiton; and J. Woodman, of North Curry.

A CHARADE, *by D. G. of Hinton St. George.*

THE first I trust may distant be,
If loyal you will think with me;
The second is divinely fine,
'Tis sacred, solemn, and sublime;
The whole, if well perform'd, you'll find,
Is grateful to a Briton's mind.

A REBUS, *by T. Pearse, of Chard.*

IF you my first would know full well,
A numeral you must quickly tell;
A vowel also you'll declare;
And what most animals do wear:
These parts together right combine,
A kind of texture you'll define.

A REBUS, *by J. Woodman, Jun. of North Curry.*

IMPRIMIS, bards, you'll first produce
A tree which is of general use;
Apollo's son you'll next descry,
The inventor of sweet poesy;
Thirdly and lastly you'll declare,
A bird of prey that wings the air:
The initials, join'd in order true,
A quadruped appears in view.

☞ *Several pieces of poetry have lately been received, whose great length, and want of merit, prevent their being inserted.*

‡†‡ *We have once more to request, that the enigmas, charades, &c. and also the answers to them, may be made as correct as possible, that their rejection may not be rendered necessary.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO MY WIFE, ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER

ROLL on, ye seasons! and again
Let winter's snow o'er spread the plain;
I scorn his frown, while still I prove
The joys of sympathy and love.

My Anna! darkest clouds deform
The face of heaven; the rising storm
Howls wildly round the rocky shore,
And sweeps the black'ning billows o'er.

Yet still in Anna's azure eye
The sun-beam of serenity,
Smiles every thought of care away
With sweeter light than summer's day.

No zephyr, bearing on his wing
The odorous incense of the spring,
With Anna's balmy breath can vie,
The breath of love and constancy.

Her voice is music to my ear;
The linnet's note is not so clear;
Her cheeks a livelier bloom disclose
Than blushing Flora gives her rose.

Like nature in her flow'ry vest,
Each virtue glows in Anna's breast;
While pious hope, and faith sublime,
Point her to Heaven's unchanging clime!

FRANCIS ——.
H

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ON SLEEP.

GENTLE sleep! by nature aided,
Close, Oh! close mine eyes by night,
When the western hills have shaded
All the sun's superior light,
Then let my drowsy head recline
Upon the downy lap of thine.

There, forgetting all my sorrow,
Whilst to others bring the sun
Some new trouble: 'till to-morrow,
Their's is ended, mine begun.
Thus like a deep and mighty ocean,
The sea of trouble's kept in motion.

Oft I lay me on my pillow,
With my body full of pain,

Tossing

Tossing like the stormy billow,
Swol'n like clouds full ripe for rain:
But Oh! when you my eyelids close,
All, all, is lost in sweet repose.

TO THE OWL.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS.)

[From Burns's Reliques, lately published.]

SAD bird of night, what sorrow calls thee forth,
To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour?
Is is some blast that gathers in the north,
Threat'ning to nip the verdure of thy bow'r?

Is it, sad owl, that autumn strips the shade,
And leaves thee here, unsheltered and forlorn?
Or fear that winter will thy nest invade?
Or friendless melancholy bid thee mourn?

Shut out, lone bird, from all the feather'd train,
To tell thy sorrows to th' unheeding gloom;
No friend to pity when thou dost complain,
Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.

Sing on, sad mourner! I will bless thy strain,
And pleas'd in sorrow listen to thy song:
Sing, on sad mourner! to the night complain,
While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek
Sad, piteous tears in native sorrows fall?
Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break?
Less happy he who lists to pity's call?

Ah no, sad owl! nor is thy voice less sweet,
That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there;
That spring's gay note, unskill'd, thou canst repeat;
That sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair:

Nor that the treble songters of the day,
Are quite estrang'd, sad bird of night! from thee;
Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,
When darkness calls thee from thy reverie.

From some old tow'r, thy melancholy dome,
While the grey walls and desert solitudes
Return each note, responsive to the gloom
Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods;

There hooting, I will list more pleas'd to thee,
Than ever lover to the nightingale;
Or drooping wretch, oppress'd with misery,
Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

UNHAPPY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN *'TWAS* AND *'TIS*.

WHEN I first wed—what joy! what bliss!
'Twas then a smile—and then a kiss—
'Twas—omnia vincit *amor!*
But now, as Bet is fond of brawls,
And children make a thousand squalls
'Tis—omnia vincit *clamor.*

V. U.